NUMB. XLIX.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducunt
In mala, deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſtre. HOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. 1724.

THE Entertainment of this Day ſhall be furniſhed by my reſtoring to my Correſpondents, in this *publick* Manner, what they were ſo kind to lend me *privately* for that very purpoſe.

SIR,

I Have been Married about Two Years to a Young Woman that is every Way agreeable to my Temper, but only ſhe is given to be a little too Superſtitious. The Truth is, ſhe was determined in her Choice of me by the Prediction of a Fortune-teller. Without thinking myſelf more obliged to him, than in good Reaſon I ſhould, I may ſafely ſay, without the Guilt of Superſtition, that I ſhall like him for the lucky Accident of having cauſed my good Fortune, by foretelling it, the longeſt Day I have to live. She would be the beſt-natur'd Creature in the World, moſt certainly, if her Mind was not haunted by Spirits, Stories of which, take up moſt of her Converſation by Day, and make her waken me a Nighrs very frequently. I laugh'd at theſe little Tales of hers at firſt, but not being able to get her out of them, I indulged her in the relating them, which ſhe has continued to do, ſo wittily, and ſo prettily, that, though I know, according to right Reaſon, I ought not to be terrified with ſuch Tales, I am brought to tremble at the tumbling of a Saltſeller, and dream myſelf into Apprehenſions, when I am awake, and, though I know the Frailty of it, I cannot help it for my Life. —— If my Wife could be once cured of this Way of Thinking, I am ſure I ſhould be well again, ſoon after. — She has been for theſe Three Months laſt, counting all our Hours by a Death-watch, and has made me almoſt ſick with the repeated Fears, that ſhe, who ſo often ſpeaks of her own Death upon Account of an Accident that is but a mere Jeſt in itſelf, ſhould die in good Earneſt.— This ſplenetick Caſt of her Temper having had an Effect on me, who ſympathize with her in every thing, throws a Gloom over our Hours, which would otherwiſe paſs as delightfully by us, as any Couple upon Earth. — Pray give her ſome better Reaſons, than I am able to inſtill into her, to arm and fortify her Mind againſt theſe little Surprizes of Superſtition; and you will make her the beſt Wife in the World, who ſtudies to *be*, and *is*, EASY to me in every Caſe, but this alone, in which ſhe is rather to be lamented than reproved, that ſhe is not able to be otherwiſe than UNEASY to her ownſelf.

Your moſt Humble Servant,

MARK DOCILE.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

YOU have pretended to give Laws about Peoples Behaviour in Marriage, and there is no ſuch Thing in Nature to be done. I am a Man of the beſt Humour in the World, or otherwiſe I could not be able to pleaſe my Wife, by appearing to be the Worſt. If I am not angry with her Half a dozen Times a Day, ſhe will be out of Humour, imagine I think her inſignificant, and will not ſpeak to me. I found out her Delight to be in Quarrelling, and have got many a ſweet Kiſs and an Embrace, for what in another Couple would have gone near to have cauſed a Divorce. She uſes a Hundred Plots to put me out of Humour, all which increaſes my good Humour ſo much, knowing that poor *Molly* falls out for nothing but to make Friends, that I ſometimes find it *hard* to be *pleas'd* to be *angry* with her. I am, perhaps, the *merrieſt* Man of a *paſſionate* one, that was ever known; and my Wife, the moſt *contented* of all *Sufferers*. I ſhould weary your Patience, if I was to tell you the different Stratagems, by which ſhe almoſt tires out my good Humour, to make me exert it in trying her Patience. My Shoemaker, who has found out where the Shoe pinches, tells me he has a Wife as like her as Two *Laſts* made for the ſame *Foot*. But ſhe is more violent in her Cravings before ſhe will be pleaſed; inſomuch that he is forced to proceed from Words

Words to Blows. He ſays, ſhe never is a more kind Bedfellow, than when ſhe has had a Fit of ſtaying up very late of a Night, on purpoſe to induce him to do her the Kindneſs to bang her into Bed. He adds, that though ſhe could not untie, ſhe could have learnt the Secret of cutting the Gordian Knot of Matrimony long before now, if he had not bound her to him in all Kindneſs, by laying his Strap cloſely over her Soulders almoſt every Day ſhe lives. If he miſs beating her ſome Days together, the poor Thing cries, and thinks herſelf neglected; but one hearty Strapado cures all, and brings her to perfect good Temper. You, ſee what Happineſs there is in Matrimonial Quarrels, and no Men on Earth could make theſe Wives of ours happier, than the Good-humour'd Shoemaker and myſelf, unleſs they were Two of the *worſt Humour'd* Men, that were ever born, and that could never live a Moment without quarrelling in all their Life-times.

Yours,

Bob. Merry-Thought.

SIR,

YOU lately gave us ſo lively a Deſcription of the Races at *Newmarket*, that I cannot but wiſh you would exert your *Wooden Horſe*, as Men of your Age commonly call their *Oaken Sticks*, and take a Journey from your *Watch tower* of *Barbican* to *Exchange Alley*. You will find that the Citizens, who have been a long Time injuriouſly miſrepreſented as a plodding Generation of People, have as *brisk* Imaginations, in *their way*, as any of the *quickeſt Wits* that inhabit the *Temple*, or any *courtly* Part of the Town beyond the *Bar*. Their *Fancies* all run upon *Wheels*, but they are *ſubſtantial* ones, and, ſince the Lottery has been ſet up, they all ſeem to turn upon that great and important *Primum Mobile*, the *Wheel* of *Fortune*. They are ſo clever in their Devices, that they have formed ſeveral *great Streets* in *London* into *Courſes*, and fix'd a convenient *Market* juſt at hand, where a Man may purchaſe a *Racer*, at any Hour of the Day, to try his Luck upon, and ſcower away into a large Eſtate, between Sun and Sun. In fine, the Scene of *Newmarket* is ſhifted to *Cheapſide*, and *Smithfield* tranſlated into *Exchange Alley*. As ill a Figure as the top Citizens have been ſaid to make on Horſeback, with all their Pageants about them on a *Lord-Mayor's Day*, yet, to do them Juſtice, now they are become ſerious in *Horſemanſhip*, and have turned Play into a Trade, you cannot imagine what *expert Jockies* the *verieſt Apprentices* in the whole City make. Our News-Papers have lately diverted us with ſtrange Accounts of very *ſlow* Beaſts called *Aſſes*, that have been brought up to be very nimble and ſwift of Foot, and of *Cows* that have been turn'd into *Gallopers* for the Sport of our ingenious Brethren that have *running* Heads in the Country: We have very far *over-match'd* them here in Town, for we have *Exchange Bears*, and *Exchange Bulls*, that will mount a *Tilt* as *cleverly* as if they were born to it. They will purchaſe you a *Nag* for *Three Half Crowns*, and count him but a mere *Jade*, if he wins the *Rider* a *Match* by which he gets *leſs* than a *Thouſand Pounds*. *Guild-hall* is the Goal they run to, and if one of your City-Racers comes in at the Criſis, or Nick of Time, as we call it (for we run the whole Twelve Hours by *lucky Minutes*) there are two *Charity-Boys* (*properly ſo called*) that hold up their Hands, proclaim the *Prize*, and bid the Man, that has run the *Courſe* of *Fortune*, like an *experienc'd Tradeſman*, be happy all his Life after, without plodding on in the dull drudging Road of his Penny-taking and Penny-ſaving Anceſtors. I don't doubt but that when *Bartholomew* Fair was put to ſo early a Period, you deplored the Accident becauſe, laſting a little longer, the odd Mirth of the People, that frequented it, would have furniſh'd you with Materials in your Way, without going far from your Neighbourhood. But this *Bull* and *Bear* Fair, in the City, will be of long Continuance, and will make you ample Amends for it, if you will but come and ſee it: Whenever I ſee the Wheel go round, and the Racers are by at the Twirling of it, my Imagination repreſents it to me, like the flying Chariots, and Machines, for young Travellers in *Smithfield*, in which, methinks, I ſee an Apprentice ſeated over the Head of a Common-Council Man; a Suburb-Habardaſher of Small-Wares mounted two or three Stories higher in Fortune's Wheel than a grave Alderman with a Gold Chain about his Neck; and a Semſtreſs that looks more lofty than a Lady Mayoreſs. But I am now going to do quite wrong, I am giving you a Deſcription which I had rather you ſhould come and take; I dare ſay it will make as diverting a Paper, at leaſt, as the Liſt of the Lottery Tickets, and you need not deſire a better Prize than to have yours read by equal Numbers with equal Curioſity, Deſire, and Circumſpection. I am of the *Mule-Kind* in Trade, and ſometimes *Bellow*, in the Alley, like a *Bull*, upon the *Fall*, and ſometimes *Dance*, like a *Bear*, upon the *Riſe* of Stocks: You ſhall be welcome to take a *ſecure Stand* in my Den, from whence you may ſee all the Diverſion: You will be preſently directed to it, if you ask any one, out of the many Thouſands of *City-Jockies*, that you will ſee there, for

From my Den, near the Pope's *Head in* Cornhill, *Sept.* 2.

Your very Humble Servant,
URSA MAJOR.

P. S. *A Vintner had but one Leg of a Horſe, which whole Horſe coſt but Three Half Crowns, and won Five Hundred Pounds to his Share by that Leg. Pray come and ſee the Sport, and you will ſay, That as old as you are, you never ſaw the like ſince you was born; nor do I think, except the Time of the* South Sea, *there was ever ſuch* merry *Trading in the Memory of Man. If you continue to like Mrs.* Patty Amble, *bring her with you; I muſt put her in a Way of making a properer Wife for you, by teaching her how to mend her Paces and her Fortune together, both which you may remember, you left in a deſperate Way at that Place, which you deſcrib'd, in a moſt delightful and inſtructive Paper of yours, by the Name of* Mend-All-Market.

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